

LN

CHILLING TALES OF HORROR

MAY
No. 9

BEWARE

BEWARE

10¢

I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE. THIS WATER SKIING WILL BE THE **DEATH** OF ME! HA-HA-HA-HA!

YES, THIS **IS** FUN! I WONDER IF THE DRIVER IS ENJOYING THIS AS MUCH AS WE ARE? HE DOESN'T EVEN TURN AROUND!





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GATHER AROUND, FOLKS! HERE'S THE **NAMELESS ONE** AGAIN WITH A CHARMING LITTLE STORY OF DREAD AND TERROR WELL CALCULATED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD. LET'S GO BACK INTO THE YEARS: IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, A HUNGARIAN NOBLE, A WIDOWER WITH ONE SON, DWELT IN HIS ANCESTRAL CASTLE IN THE TRANSYLVANIAN MOUNTAINS. **COUNT OTTO SANDOR** LOST HIS HEART TO THE LOVELY **HELYENA**, WHO WAS UNHAPPILY MARRIED TO A NEIGHBORING BARON. THEIR FRUITLESS LOVE WAS TO LEAD THEM TO YEARS TOGETHER IN ...

VAMPIRE'S ROOST

IT CAN'T BE! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR CENTURIES!



ART GATES

ONE DAY, **HELYENA** MET HER NOBLE ADMIRER WITH DISQUIETING NEWS...

OTTO, MY HUSBAND FOUND OUT THAT MY LOVE BELONGS NOT TO HIM, BUT TO YOU!

HELYENA! WE MUST FLEE--



NO - WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HIM. HE DROVE A BIRCHWOOD STICK INTO HIS OWN HEART WHILE I WATCHED, UNABLE TO STOP HIM.

THEN WE CAN MARRY AND BE HAPPY TOGETHER.



NO, OTTO, BECAUSE BEFORE HE DIED, HE SANK HIS TEETH INTO MY NECK AND DRANK MY BLOOD. HE WAS A VAMPIRE! AND HE DELIBERATELY INFECTED ME. NOW I AM AN UNDEAD THING, DOOMED TO EXIST FOR ALL ETERNITY, WANDERING OUT TO SLAKE MY THIRST AT THE FULL OF THE MOON. ONLY A BIRCHWOOD STAKE THROUGH MY HEART WILL BRING ME DEATH - AND PEACE.

NO, HELYENA, NO! THIS AWFUL THING CANNOT BE!



DEEPLY SHOCKED, COUNT SANDOR CLASPED HIS LOVED ONE TO HIM - ONLY TO RECEIVE A DEEP BITE ...

OH, MY DEAR -

OW!



YOU BIT ME! YOU DREW MY BLOOD!

YES. NOW YOU SHALL BE AS I AM - AN UNDEAD VAMPIRE, AND WE SHALL BE TOGETHER FOREVER!



THE REST WAS EASY. SANDOR HAD TWIN CASKETS PREPARED IN A CRYPT UNDER THE CASTLE AND GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO JOHANN, THE OLD SERVITOR WHOSE FAMILY HAD BEEN IN THE SANDOR SERVICE FOR GENERATIONS ...

ONLY YOU KNOW THE SECRET. IT MUST BE HANDED DOWN TO YOUR ELDEST SON, AND SO ON, INTO THE YEARS TO COME -

I WILL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE, MASTER.



AND SO COUNT SANDOR AND HIS BELOVED HELYENA DWELT IN DEATH-LIFE IN THE STRANGEST ROMANCE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY...



BUT --- THE SARDONIC HAND OF FATE INTERVENED WITH A TWIST THAT BROUGHT FRUSTRATION TO BOTH ... THE MALIGN DEMONS THAT ARRANGED THE DESTINY OF THESE TWO DECREED THAT THEY WOULD NEVER AWAKE AT THE SAME TIME ...

COUNT SANDOR WOULD PROWL THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SEARCH OF WARM FRESH BLOOD TO QUENCH HIS DIABOLICAL THIRST...



... WHILE UNDER THE NEXT FULL MOON ONLY HELYENA WOULD RISE FROM HER TOMB AND TRACK DOWN A VICTIM FOR HER GHOULISH FANGS...



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS HAVE ROLLED PAST. TONIGHT, THE MOON IS FULL AGAIN AND IN RESPONSE TO COMPELLING DESIRE, A GHASTLY HAND PUSHES UP THE HEAVY BRONZE LID OF COUNT SANDOR'S COFFIN...



**SLOWLY THE STRANGE
FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY
UP THE MOULDY STAIRS...**



**ANOTHER JOHANN AWAITS HIM IN
THE ANCIENT KITCHEN - TWELVE
GENERATIONS REMOVED FROM
THE ORIGINAL SERVITOR...**

I WAS EXPECTING YOU,
SIR. IT IS THE NIGHT
FOR YOUR COMING.

YOU ARE
A FAITHFUL
FELLOW,
JOHANN, AS
WERE YOUR
FATHERS
BEFORE YOU.



**SUDDENLY, JOHANN HEARS AN
UNEXPECTED NOISE OUTSIDE...**

SOMEONE IS
IN THE
COURTYARD!

SEE WHO IT IS.
I SHALL KEEP
OUT OF SIGHT.



THE SERVANT ENCOUNTERS A YOUNG COUPLE...

WE ARE AMERICANS, ON
OUR HONEYMOON TRIP.
OUR CAR BROKE DOWN.
CAN YOU GIVE US SHELTER
FOR THE NIGHT?

WE HAVE VERY
FEW COMFORTS IN
OLD CASTLE SANDOR,
SIR, BUT YOU ARE
WELCOME TO ENTER.



CASTLE SANDOR! THIS MUST BE THE HOME
OF MY ANCESTORS. MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER
EMIGRATED TO AMERICA FROM AROUND HERE.
IT'S THE PLACE I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR!



LED BY
JOHANN, THE
TWO YOUNG
PEOPLE
ENTER THE
OLD CASTLE.
IN THE
GREAT HALL
THEY PAUSE
BEFORE A
PORTRAIT OF
THE 16TH
CENTURY
NOBLEMAN.
THEY
READ THE
INSCRIPTION.

IT READS: **COUNT OTTO
SANDOR-1554**. EXCEPT
FOR THE BEARD, IT IS A
PERFECT LIKENESS OF
YOU, ARTHUR, ONLY
YOUR NAME IS
SANDERS.



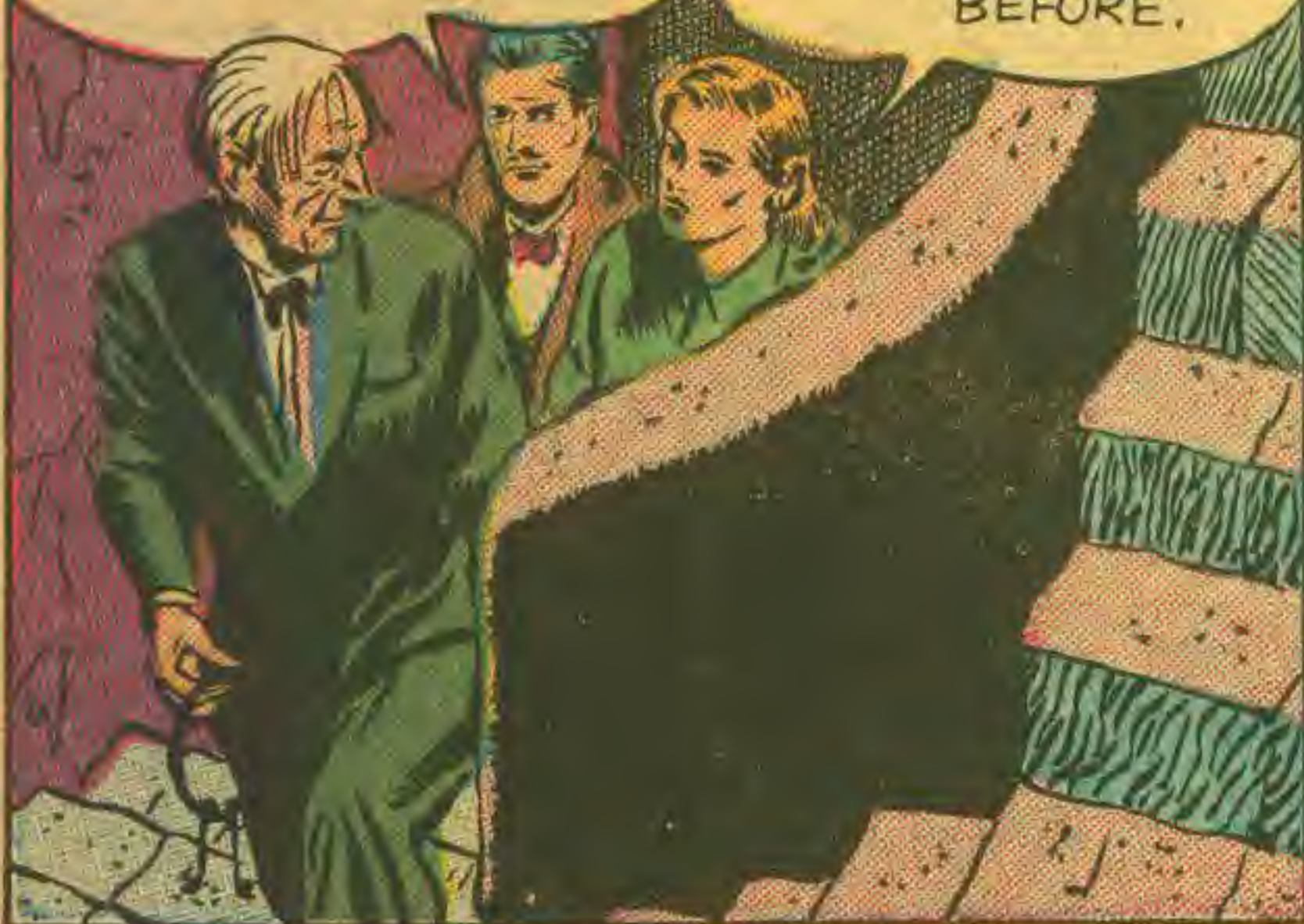
MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD -
BACK HERE AGAIN AFTER
ALL THESE CENTURIES -



AS THEY GO UPSTAIRS TO THEIR ROOM...

YOU KNOW - I FEEL AS IF THIS WHOLE CASTLE IS FAMILIAR TO ME... AS IF I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

NONSENSE, ARTHUR. YOU KNOW YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF GRAND RAPIDS BEFORE.



LATER-

HELEN, YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE AND REST A BIT. I'M FASCINATED BY THIS CASTLE. I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND FOR A WHILE.



MEANWHILE, HIS BLOOD-LUST SLACKENED FOR THE TIME BEING, COUNT SANDOR DESCENDS AGAIN TO THE HIDDEN CRYPT...

HELYENA, MY BELOVED, WOULD THAT YOU WERE AWAKE THE SAME TIME AS I - JUST ONCE IN THESE MANY CENTURIES -!



IT IS AS IF THAT YOUNG COUPLE ABOVE ARE THE VERY REINCARNATION OF US. HE IS MY OWN DESCENDANT AND HIS BRIDE SEEMS CAST IN YOUR OWN MOLD -



THEN HE TENSES AS HIS KEEN, SENSITIVE EARS DETECT THE SOUND OF CAUTIOUS FOOTFALLS DESCENDING THE STONE STEPS...

CAN THAT BE JOHANN - DISOBEYING MY ORDERS BY COMING TO THIS FORBIDDEN PLACE?



IT IS THE AMERICAN!



IF HE LOOKS IN THE CASKETS HE MIGHT GUESS THE TRUTH... THAT THIS IS A HAUNT OF VAMPIRES! AND HE WOULD SPREAD THE ALARM ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE. THAT WOULD BE THE END OF US!



IN DESPERATION, SANDOR LEAPS UPON THE YOUNG MAN FROM BEHIND...



HE OBTAINS POSSESSION OF THE FLASHLIGHT AND USES IT AS A WEAPON...



I'LL LEAVE THIS FELLOW OUT HERE IN THE COURTYARD TIL HE COMES TO HIS SENSES.



I MUST GET THEM BOTH OUT OF THE CASTLE AT ONCE. NOW I'LL GO UP THERE AND SCARE THE GIRL—



UPON REACHING THE TOP OF THE HIDDEN STAIRS, SANDOR SLIDES BACK A SECRET PANEL IN THE WAINSCOTING AND SILENTLY STEPS INTO THE ROOM...



I'LL FRIGHTEN HER OUT OF HER WITS—

SENSING HIS PRESENCE, THE GIRL TURNS. INSTEAD OF BEING SCARED, SHE THINKS HE IS HER HUSBAND...

WHY, ARTHUR, YOU STARTLED ME. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT BEARD AND THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES?



SHE GENTLY TOUCHES THE MAN'S FACE...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET BACK INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS OLD CASTLE SO AUTHENTICALLY, EVEN IF IT WAS YOUR ANCESTORS'—

AI-EEE-EE!





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AJ34

Kansas City 6, Mo.

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**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**



NO, OTTO, NO!
ALL ETERNITY
LIES BEFORE
US. THERE IS
YET TIME...
GO TO THE
COURTYARD
-KILL THEM!

WE ARE THE
UNDEAD, WHILE
THEY ARE
YOUNG, ALIVE
AND NORMAL.
IF DEATH MUST
COME, LET IT
COME TO US.
FAREWELL,
MY BELOVED.

**SANDOR PLUNGES THE STAKE
INTO HER HEART...**

IN DEATH, THERE WILL
BE PEACE - AT LAST!

**THEN HE GETS INTO HIS
OWN COFFIN...**

... AND DRIVES THE
SECOND STAKE INTO
HIS OWN BREAST...

**SOON, AS SANDOR HAD PRE-
DICTED, THE ANGRY CROWD
OF VILLAGERS ARRIVES...**

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY
ARE. BE PREPARED - THEY
ARE DANGEROUS!

**BUT IN THE TWIN BRONZE COFFINS
THEY FIND NO TRACE OF COUNT
SANDOR AND HIS HELYENA - JUST
TWO STICKS AND TWO LITTLE
PILES OF FINE DUST...**

**UGH! LET'S GET OUT OF
THIS AWFUL PLACE, ARTHUR!**

**SO THE NEWLYWEDS TAKE A ROOM AT THE VILLAGE INN. BUT
HELYENA'S BITE HAS TAKEN EFFECT AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE FULL
MOON'S RAYS SPLASH THROUGH THE MULLIONED WINDOWS, THE YOUNG
BRIDE SINKS HER TEETH INTO HER SLEEPING HUSBAND'S NECK!...**

SO YOU SEE,
FOLKS, TWO NEW
VAMPIRES ARE BORN.
CAN'T GET AWAY FROM
THAT OLD CURSE, EH?
HEH! HEH! LOOK ME
UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE -
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER
BLOOD-CURDLING
TALE TO TELL YOU...

THE END

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**ZENITH CO. 81 Willoughby St.,
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.**

DEATH AND PHANTOMS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS COLD AS ICE---THEY CAN BE AS RED-HOT AS FLAME! WHEN A LIVING MAN IS ELECTROCUTED OR "BURNED"---HE CAN RETURN AS A RAGING INFERNO OF RED REVENGE THAT EATS ENEMIES AND KILLERS IN THE BLASTING HATE OF---

The GHOST of FIRE!



IN AN OLD AND RICH BUSINESS FIRM, THREE PARTNERS WANT THE HEAD OF THE FIRM TO DIE---

WE ALL HATE HIM-- BUT NOBODY'S GOT THE COURAGE TO KILL HIM!

IF HE COULD BE KILLED--WE'D ALL BE RICH!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE PRIVATE VAULT ROOM---AND IN RUSHES THE HEAD OF THE FIRM---

OUR CASHIER COMMITTED SUICIDE! HE STOLE OVER \$80,000! HE LEFT THIS NOTE--



THE SUICIDE'S NOTE---

I confess that
I stole over \$80,000
I can't bear to live, I've
bought a gun. This
is the end--
John Brestow

**INTO THREE EVIL MINDS THE SAME EVIL
PLAN IS BORN---**

DO SOMETHING,
YOU FOOLS! CALL
THE POLICE!

WE COULD
DESTROY
THE
NOTE--

BLAME
THE
THEFT AND
THE MURDER
ON HIM--

AND
THE LAW WOULD
KILL HIM FOR
US! HA-HA!



THE FIRST STEP
IS TO DESTROY
THIS NOTE--LIKE
THIS!

YOU DOLTISH
FOOL! THAT'S
EVIDENCE!



**WITH THREE CRIMINAL BRAINS THINKING
AS ONE--THEIR MURDER PLAN IS COMPLETE!**

WE SAW YOU
KILL THE CASHIER!
YOU STOLE THAT
MONEY!

YOUR FINGERPRINTS
ARE ON THIS GUN--
YOU MURDERER!



**THE POLICE ARE CALLED--AND
ARREST THE "MURDERER"---**

I DIDN'T KILL
HIM! I'M INNOCENT!
THE SUICIDE NOTE--
IT'S IN THE FIRE!

HA-HA! THE
ASHES OF
THAT NOTE HAVE
FLOWN UP THE
CHIMNEY!

YOU
THREE SAW THE
KILLING? THAT
SETTLES IT!



**AND IN A COURT OF LAW, TWO MONTHS
LATER---**

LIES!
ALL
LIES!

HE KILLED
THE CASHIER!

GUILTY! I
SENTENCE
YOU--TO DIE
IN THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR!



IN THE STATE'S PRISON A MONTH LATER---

I'LL HAVE
MY REVENGE!
REVENGE!



AS THE BLASTING HEAT OF ELECTROCUTION
DIVIDES BODY AND SOUL--A GHOST IS BORN!
A GHOST OF FIRE!

AND I'LL GET
REVENGE!
I'LL KILL!
KILL!

THE DOCTOR
CAN NOW PRONOUNCE
THIS MAN DEAD--



I FELT A CHILL
OF EVIL--BUT IT
FELT LIKE A
HOT FLAME!

HA-HA! NO ONE
CAN ACTUALLY
SEE ME--I CAN
DO ANYTHING!



THE THREE PARTNERS-IN-CRIME DON'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS---

HE'S DEAD!
HE'LL NEVER
BOTHR US
AGAIN!

WE'RE
RICH! THE
FIRM IS
OURS!

S-A-A-Y--
ISN'T
THAT FIRE
GETTING
HOT?



THE GHOST OF FIRE READS THE GHOST
OF A NOTE---

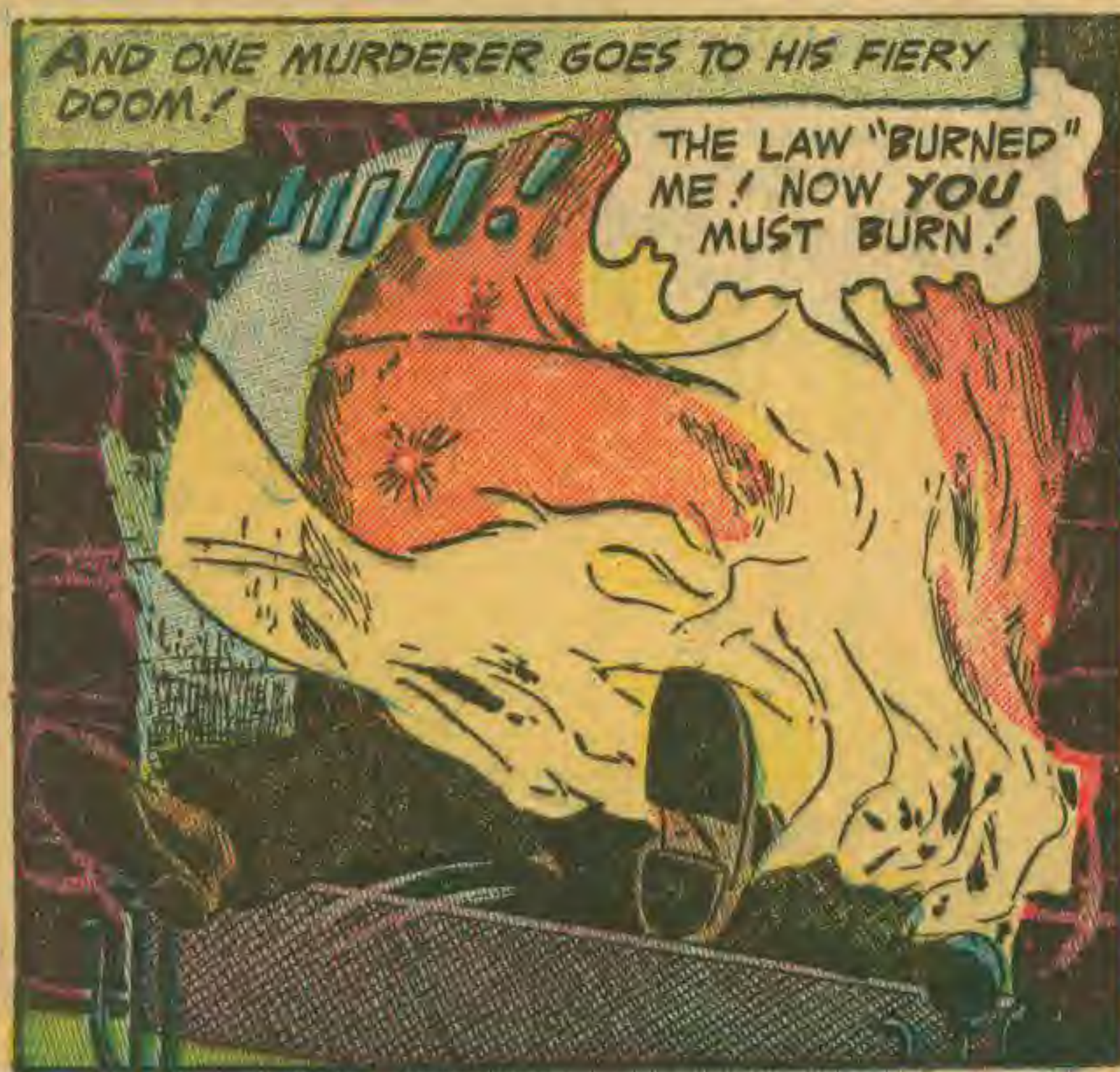
I WAS INNOCENT!
BUT I'M DEAD--
DEAD--



GOODNIGHT,
GENTLEMEN!
RICH AND HAPPY
DREAMS!

I MUST GET
MY HANDS ON
THEM! BUT HOW--
HOW?







THE THIRD MAN ENTERS THE ROOM OF THE BURNING DEATH---

WONDER WHERE MY PARTNERS ARE-- AND WHAT'S THAT STRANGE ODOR IN THE AIR?



THE CARETAKER MUST HAVE THROWN SOME RUBBISH IN THE FIRE! I HATE FIRES--I NEVER GO NEAR THEM--SNIFF-SNIFF--ALMOST SMELLS LIKE BURNING FLESH--BUT THAT CAN'T BE---



BUT THE GHOST OF FIRE HAS A CUNNING TRICK TO LURE HIS VICTIM---

HE LOVES MONEY--AND I CAN SHAPE THESE FLAMES TO LOOK LIKE PILES OF WEALTH! HA-HA-HA!

SOMEONE THREW SOME BANKNOTES IN THE FIRE!



AND SO GREED IS THE CAUSE OF DEATH--A SEARING, FLAMING DEATH!

I'M BEING BURNED-- BUT I MUST SAVE MONEY---

MONEY! I WILL CLUTCH YOUR WICKED SOUL FOREVER-- IN MY ARMS OF FIRE!



AND THE FIRE GHOST'S VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE!

EEYAAA! DON'T EAT ME! DON'T EAT--

JUST AS THE FLAMES ONCE ATE THE NOTE THAT COULD HAVE PROVED MY INNOCENCE! **DIE--DIE!!**



AND A DREADFUL FEAST GOES ON IN THE FLAMES---

MURDERERS! EAT EACH OTHER! SO DO ALL MURDERERS END IN DEATH!



LATER THAT MORNING--THE CARETAKER DISCOVERS---

BONES AND FLESH--AND SKULLS-- UGH! OOOOH!



No POCKETS on the DEAD

YOU STOLE FROM THE LIVING-- WHY HESITATE BEFORE THE DEAD?

N-NO! DONT MAKE ME TOUCH THOSE CLAMMY CORPSES!

TOUCH THEM-- OR FOREVER JOIN THEM!



HE STARTED HIS CAREER BY LOOTING THE LIVING, BUT SOON FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED BY GHOULS IN A VIOLATED GRAVEYARD AND FORCED TO ROB THE DEAD! AND TOO LATE, HE LEARNED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH, THAT THERE ARE... **NO POCKETS ON THE DEAD!**

WHILE MOST PEOPLE RIDE THE SUBWAY TO WORK, MARLIN QUAGG MAKES HIS LIVING BY JUST RIDING THE SUBWAY! AS THE RUSH HOUR CROWDS PRESS CLOSE TOGETHER, HIS LONG PRACTICED FINGERS FURTIVELY DIP INTO THE POCKETS OF THE UN-SUSPECTING...



WHEN THE RUSH HOUR ENDS, QUAGG RETURNS TO HIS CHEAP ROOM AND EXAMINES THE LOOT! DOLLAR BILLS ARE STRIPPED FROM STOLEN WALLETS, WATCHES APPRAISED, BUT SUDDENLY...

A KEY AND WITH AN **ADDRESS TAG!** A REAL PRIZE!..IT MIGHT BE WORTH CASING THE HOUSE! WITH A KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR, **ROBBERY** WOULD BE A GINCH!



H-HUMAN FINGERS... EARS, TEETH-- NO WONDER THE MEN WHO LIVE HERE ONLY LEAVE AFTER MIDNIGHT! T-THEY'RE **GHOULS!**



FILLED WITH LOATHING AND HORROR, QUAGG BACKS AWAY FROM THE MORBID PRIZES STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE, AS SUDDENLY A NOISE IS HEARD DOWNSTAIRS...

THE DOOR'S OPENING-- THEY MUST BE **BACK!**



THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ANYONE HERE! MAYBE I'LL BE SAFE IN THIS CLOSET!



INSIDE THE MUSTY CLOSET, QUAGG HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, AS HE TREMBLES IN TERROR, BUT NO ONE REACHES FOR THE CLOSET DOOR! MINUTES PASS, AS THE MEN TALK IN LOW SINISTER TONES, BUT THEN THE DUST IN THE CLOSET IS TOO MUCH FOR QUAGG...HE SNEEZES...



WHAT THE DEVIL ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HE MUST BE A **POLICE SPY!**



I-I'M NO STOOLIE! HONEST! I'M JUST A DIP! I LIFTED THIS KEY FROM ONE OF YOUR POCKETS-- COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO USE IT! L-LET ME GO, I'LL NEVER TELL WHAT I SAW HERE!

YOU SAY YOU'RE A PICKPOCKET? WELL, I HAVE THE PERFECT WAY FOR YOU TO PROVE IT-- AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL **NEVER** TELL ANYONE AGAIN!



HIS HANDS AND FEET TIED, QUAGG IS FORCED TO WATCH THE LURID EXCITEMENT, AS THE GHOULS STRIP RINGS FROM FINGERS AND GOLD FILLINGS FROM TEETH! THEN, THE NEXT DAY, HE IS LED TO A PRIVATE CEMETERY...

THIS GRAVEYARD'S FOR MILLIONAIRES ONLY! THE STIFFS IN THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED WITH JEWELS! YOU'RE TO **LIFT THE GUARD'S KEY!**



UNDER THREAT OF VIOLENT DEATH, QUAGG TREMBLINGLY APPROACHES THE GUARD, ENGAGES HIM IN A CONVERSATION, AS HIS CLEVER FINGERS CLAIM THE KEY...



SOON AFTER, HE RETURNS TO THE DELAPIDATED MANSION OF THE GHOULS...

HERE'S THE CEMETERY KEY--NOW LET ME GO!

NOT SO FAST, MY DEAR FRIEND! WE KNOW HOW CRAFTY YOU LIGHT-FINGERED FELLOWS ARE! YOU'LL GO **WITH US** TONIGHT UNTIL WE KNOW THIS KEY OPENS THE GRAVEYARD GATE!



AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE, THE FIVE MEN SET OUT FOR THE CEMETERY! AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MOVES WELL BEYOND THE GATE, THE KEY IS SLIPPED IN AND THE GHOULS START FORWARD...

IT WORKS! NOW TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

SOON! IF THE RUMORS ARE RIGHT, WE'LL NEED **HELP** TONIGHT! YOU WILL JOIN US IN ROBBING THE DEAD!



QUICKLY, THE PRACTICED SCAVENGERS OF THE DEAD UNEARTH A COFFIN AND QUAGG TREMBLINGLY IS FORCED TO AID THEM, AS THEY PRY OPEN THE LID...

IT'S LIFTING! NOW TO SEE HOW THE LIVING CAN PROFIT FROM THE DEAD!



SUDDENLY, A GREEN, MOULDERING FACE STARES UP FROM ITS COFFIN AT THEM...

LOOK AT THE RINGS ON THIS STIFF'S FINGERS! WHAT EARRINGS! AND WHEN WE FORCE OPEN THE MOUTH, I'LL BET WE'LL FIND A TIDY SUM IN FILLINGS!--WHAT A WONDERFUL SIGHT!



AND AS QUAGG HOLDS BACK THE COFFIN LID, THE GHOUL DRAWS A KNIFE AND SETS TO WORK...



HERE! STOP SHAKING AND HOLD THIS FINGER! AND DON'T TRY TO PALM OFF THE RING!



AND AS THE TERRIFIED QUAGG WATCHES, HALF SICK WITH FRIGHT AND LOATHING AT THE LURID SPECTACLE, SUDDENLY, COLD GOLD-FILLED TEETH ARE DROPPED INTO HIS HAND.



JUST LOOK AT THE EARRINGS--FABULOUS! ADMIT IT! ROBBING THE DEAD'S MORE PROFITABLE THAN LOOTING THE POCKETS OF THE LIVING!



THE OTHER COFFINS ARE OPEN AND WAITING! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE! TAKE THIS KNIFE AND GET TO WORK.

Y-YOU MEAN YOU WANT *ME* TO DO WHAT YOU'VE DONE? *N-NEVER!*



DON'T LET A SQUEAMISH STOMACH STOP YOU!

I'M NOT TOUCHING THOSE ROTTING CORPSES! *WHERE'S THAT NIGHT WATCH-MAN?*

GRAB HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



NO! YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME, YOU PACK OF GRAVE-ROBBING GHOULS!

GET THE KNIFE!

BEFORE QUAGG CAN CRY FOR HELP, POMMELING HANDS BEAT HIM MERCILESSLY TO THE GRAVEYARD GROUND...

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. DUMP HIM INTO THE SECOND COFFIN!

QUICKLY, QUAGG IS PLACED IN A LOOTED COFFIN, THE HORRIBLE EARLESS, MUTILATED CADAVER IS THEN LOWERED ON TOP OF THE UNCONSCIOUS PICKPOCKET.

WE CAN'T BURY HIM-- HE'S NOT DEAD YET!

HE WILL BE--ONCE WE CLOSE THE COFFIN TOP!

AND AS THE COFFIN LID BEGINS TO CLOSE, QUAGG COMES TO! FOR ONE SHOCKING SECOND OF SAVAGE TERROR, HE FEELS THE DEAD WEIGHT ON TOP OF HIM, AND THEN SEES THE LOWERING LID CLOSE DOWN...

N-NO! STOP!

THE LID CLOSES, A MUFFLED SCREAM IS HEARD AND THEN, GRIM SILENCE! MINUTES TICK BY...

HE SHOULD BE **SUFFOCATED** IN THAT AIR-TIGHT COFFIN BY NOW! OPEN IT AND LET'S SEE!

HE'S **DEAD!**... LOOK AT HIS HANDS AT THE SIDE OF THAT STIFF! **HA! HA!** WHAT A FATE FOR A PICK-POCKET-- THE DEAD HAVE NO POCKETS!

FAT MEN! SKINNY MEN! YOUNG MEN! OLD MEN! NOW ^{YOU CAN} HAVE A MORE POWERFUL LOOKING BODY INSTANTLY! And Be Stronger From Head to Toe— IN 3 SHORT WEEKS



That's right! Whether you're fat and flabby . . . "skinny as a rail" . . . young or old . . . whatever your physical appearance may be—now you can look stronger, more powerful, more manly instantly! Yes, as soon as you put on your Chevalier and as long as you are wearing it your stomach is pulled in, you automatically throw out your chest and straighten your shoulders, you look better and feel better at once! And that's only the beginning! You'll actually BE stronger, tougher, more muscular . . . well on your way to having a power-packed HE-MAN-BODY in just 3 short weeks by using the Ronnie's Body Building Course which costs you not one cent extra on this offer. Here's all there is to it! First you get the amazing new health supporter belt . . .

The CHEVALIER

No matter what you may look like now, the sensational "Chevalier" makes you appear stronger, more masculine the minute you begin wearing it. If you're overweight or have a bulging "old man's" mid-section — "Chevalier" instantly lifts your "bay window", flattens it, and presto! — you look younger, slimmer, more athletic! If you are skinny, under-powered, round shouldered — "Chevalier" tends to straighten you up, square your chest . . . make you look taller, straighter, huskier for as long as you wear it! Yes, the scientifically constructed "Chevalier" brings you vital support where you need it most!

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10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

You risk nothing! Send no money now — just the coupon. (Be sure to give waist measurement.) We'll promptly send you the "Chevalier", plus your FREE "Body-Building Speed Course"! Pay postmen only \$3.98 plus postage for your "Chevalier." Try it on . . . adjust the belt the way you want . . . see how comfortable you feel . . . how manly you look! Wear it for 10 days—follow the simple Speed Course at the same time—and if, at the end of 10 days, you sincerely feel that the "Chevalier" does not help you look and feel "like a million" . . . return it for full refund. The Speed Course is yours in either case, FREE. Mail coupon NOW.

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RONNIE SALES, Inc., Dept. 187E-1
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER Health-Supporter Belt—plus the Body-Building Speed Course. On arrival I will deposit only \$3.98 plus postage. I must be delighted or I will return the "Chevalier" within 10 days for full refund. The Speed Course is mine to keep in either case—FREE.

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(Send string the size of waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

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The Man Who Died Twice

THERE have been many baffling and mysterious deaths recorded in the annals of the New York police; but from the entire list, one case stands out as a prime example of mystification. This was the case of the man who died twice, by suicide *and* murder!

Two distinct causes of death were involved, either one of which would have brought the victim's life to a speedy and unnatural end; yet the examining physician was unable to determine which condition was responsible. Nor were the police ever able to find any clues leading to the murderer—if it actually was a homicide. In brief, the case was a puzzle to end all murder puzzles: a fantastic mystery that nobody has ever solved.

It began in a tenement near Thirty-third Street and Second Avenue, where two men in their forties shared a bedroom on the top floor. The men were respectable laborers with no known enemies and no police records.

One morning the janitor of the tenement discovered one of these roomers dead in bed, already stiff and cold with rigor mortis. The examining police, as soon as they were summoned, found the corpse clad only in the lower portion of a pair of cheap pajamas. There was a small caliber bullet hole in the dead man's skull, the slug having passed through his head and stopped deep in the pillow.

The medical examiner would have thought no more of the case except for the fact that there was a long rubber tube in the mouth of the corpse, the other end attached to a gas jet nearby. Oddly enough, however, the gas was turned off and there was no odor of gas in the room. But there *was* a woman's green hat on the floor—if that meant anything.

A search of the room finally disclosed a revolver in a bureau drawer. The weapon had been fired once, and the ballistics experts matched the bullet in the pillow with the rifling of the revolver barrel. This was undoubtedly the death-gun. But who, after using it, had placed it in the bureau drawer? Not the dead man, for it was quite obvious that the wound in his head had caused instantaneous death.

Moreover, an autopsy revealed that the slug had entered his skull while he was still alive. Ordinarily this would have meant an open-and-shut case of murder. But further autopsy tests showed a fifty-seven per cent saturation of gas in the blood, indicating that the man had inhaled enough gas through the rubber tube to have caused quick death. The question was: which had killed him, the gas or the bullet?

If he died of gas, he must have inhaled it after the bullet had penetrated his brain, and then got up from bed to turn off the petcock. This was a physical impossibility. On the other hand, if the bullet had killed him, then how could he have lived long enough to inhale lethal quantities of gas?

If he was a suicide, who had put the gun in the drawer and turned off the gas jet? If he was murdered by the gunshot wound, how could the killer have pumped gas into his dead lungs and bloodstream? To all appearances, the man had died twice, of two separate and distinct causes; yet each cause was sufficient, in itself, to have produced death.

The roommate was arrested but established an iron-clad alibi. The identity of the woman who owned the green hat was never discovered. And to this day, the New York police have a case on their hands which may never be fully explained.

The Sea Ghost Returns

HIS name was Andrew Newton, and the story of his ghost begins with the sinking of the *Robert B. Anthony*, a freighter which went down with all hands on board off the coast of Greenland in 1937.

No survivors were ever picked up, and a verdict of "lost with all hands" was entered. After a short time, the sinking of the *Robert B. Anthony* was forgotten. Then an amazing thing happened. Two Chautauqua lecturers, a man and wife, were driving through the hills of Missouri, about a year after the sinking. It was late in the evening, and they were hurrying to make their next lecture, some two hundred miles away.

Their car motor failed and, knowing nothing about engines, the lecturers decided to wait it out. Unfortunately, they had picked a road seldom frequented at night and, as time wore on, the lecturers resigned themselves to an uncomfortable evening in the car. Suddenly, a flash of heat lightning illuminated the sky. The couple started, for, revealed in the quick flash, was an unpainted house set back in the woods.

Hurriedly, they got out, hoping to get a night's rest, perhaps even make a phone call to a garage.

No one answered their knock. The impression grew that the house was uninhabited. They tried the door and found it unlocked. The couple entered, calling out loudly and roving the car flashlight around.

There most certainly was no one home. The living room and kitchen were in good order, but a layer of dust indicated no presence for many days. There was an inviting fireplace, the woods sheltering the house provided needed fuel and, in the dancing shadows of the fire, the couple went to sleep.

Some hours later, the male lecturer woke with a start. Someone was in the room with them! His wife jumped to her feet at the same moment, stood tensely. An unmistakable odor of sea brine pervaded the room, although the ocean front was thousands of miles away! And then man and wife stood transfixed, unable to believe their eyes.

The figure of a young man was floating around the room. He wore boots and oilskins, and seaspray glistened from his beard. He seemed to waft through the air, straight to the cheery fire, where he shivered violently and knelt down before it.

This was too much for the woman. She screamed. Her husband, flashlight held as a bludgeon, leaped forward. Before his eyes the figure vanished. And where the figure had knelt was now only a small puddle of water and a piece of slimy green weed!

Morning couldn't come any too soon. Frightened and puzzled, the couple stood out on the road as the sun rose over the blue hills. At last a car came along, to give them a tow into town.

As they drove in, the husband questioned their Samaritan about the deserted house. "Old Newton place," the native revealed. "Went to pieces after young Andy Newton inherited it and lit out to become a sailor. Ain't seen him since."

Two weeks later, while speaking in a big city, the husband visited the botany department of the State University. There he requested that a certain specimen of what he believed to be seaweed be analyzed.

"It's seaweed, all right," the botanist declared, "but a very curious type. In fact, it's only found on dead bodies."

Andrew Newton had come home.

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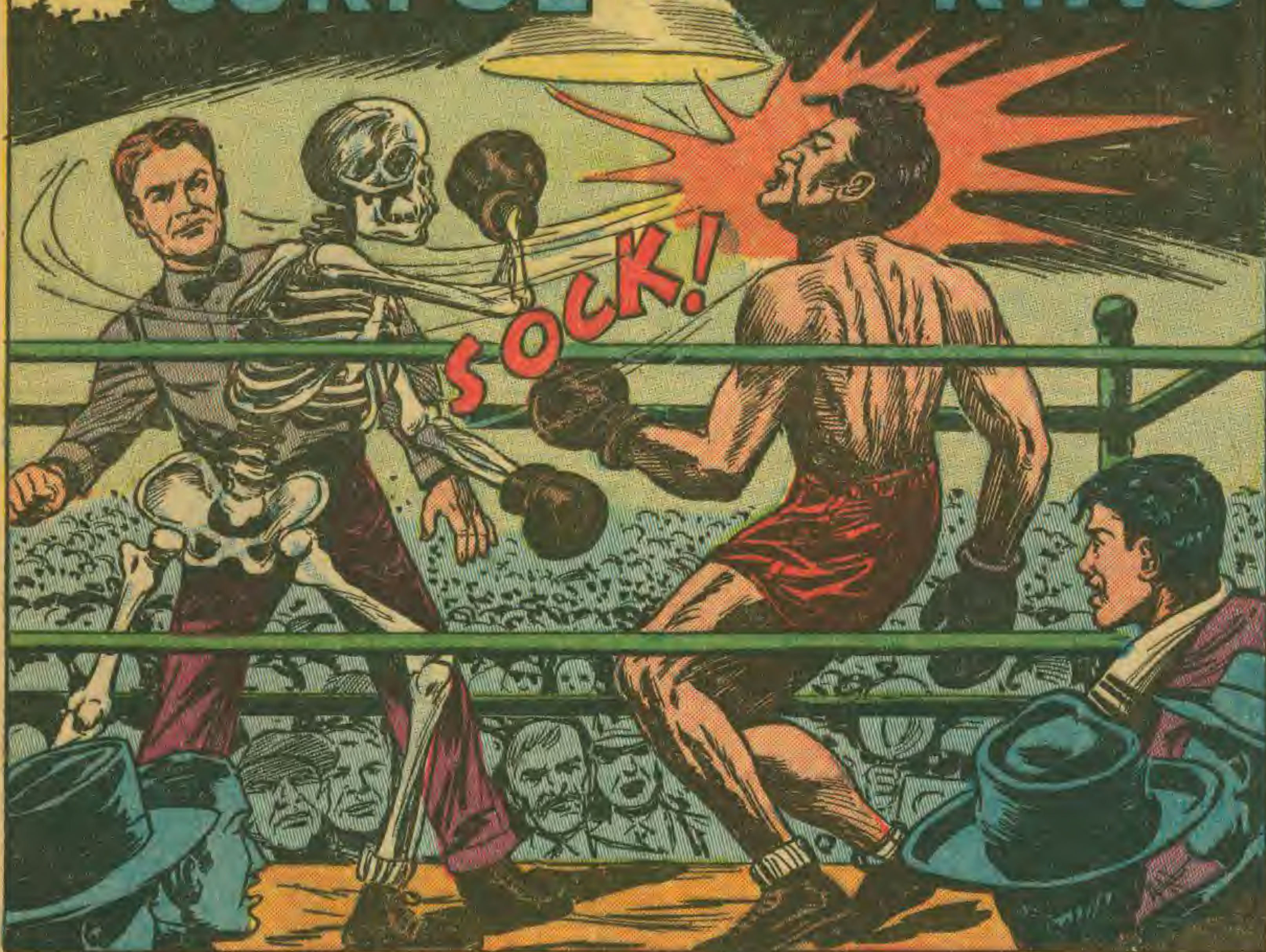
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KID BALDO IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF AN IMPORTANT EVENT. IT HAS BEEN A HARD CLIMB FROM A POVERTY-STRICKEN CHILDHOOD IN A GRIMY MINING TOWN AND HE HAS STRUGGLED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY AS A PUNK IN THE PRELIMS UNTIL NOW HE FACES THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT IN HIS BOXING CAREER. BIG MONEY WILL FINALLY BE HIS, BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THIS FIGHT WILL ALWAYS BE KNOWN IN BOXING CIRCLES AS ...

The CORPSE IN THE RING



ON THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE BIG FIGHT, **THE KID** IS RESTING IN HIS HOTEL ROOM WHEN A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR ANNOUNCES A VISITOR ...

WHEN THE PRIZE FIGHTER OPENS THE DOOR, HIS JAW DROPS AS HE SEES A FAMILIAR FIGURE FROM HIS HOME TOWN FAR AWAY... A DUSTY COAL MINER LEANING ON HIS SHOVEL, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH PAIN ...





HEY - I KNOW YOU -
OLD JOE ZAVINSKI,
FROM HILLSBORO.

YES, KID, I'M JOE.



B-BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU
WERE KILLED IN A MINE
CAVE-IN MONTHS AGO!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID.
THAT'S THE REASON
I CAME TO SEE YOU.



BACK IN OUR TOWN, KID, WHERE YOU WERE
BORN AND RAISED, ALL THE FOLKS ARE PROUD
OF YOUR SUCCESS AND ABILITY IN THE BOXING
RING. THEY'RE ALL ROOTING FOR
YOU TO WIN THE FIGHT TONIGHT.

Y-YES?



THE WIDOWS OF MY BUDDIES KILLED IN THE
MINE WITH ME ARE BETTING ALL THEY HAVE
ON YOU. THEY HAVE FAITH IN YOU.

YES -
SURE, I--



THOSE TRUSTING PEOPLE FEEL CERTAIN YOU WILL
WIN --BUT I KNOW YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN PAID
TO THROW THE FIGHT!

YOU KNOW?
YOU --



THEN THE SPECTRE OF THE MINER FADES...

DON'T LET THEM DOWN, KID!
- DON'T LET THEM DOWN -

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, PACKY HIGGINS AND HIS MOB OF GANGSTERS ARE ALREADY ELATED OVER THEIR CROOKED FIX OF THE FIGHT...

BOY! WHAT A TAKE, PACKY. EIGHTY GRAND FROM THE BOOBS!

YEAH. THE KID IS ALL FIXED TO KISS THE CANVAS.



THEN THE KID HIMSELF WALKS IN...

PACKY - I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

HEY, WATTA YOU DOIN' HERE? YOU OUGHTA BE IN YOUR ROOM, RESTIN'.



THE KID RELATES THE STORY OF HIS SPECTRAL VISITOR TO THE CYNICAL CROOKS...

--AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. I REALLY SAW HIM. I CAN'T THROW THE FIGHT!

THIS GUY'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

HE'S NUTS!



LISSEN, KID. WE MADE A DEAL. YOU'RE BEING PAID PLENTY TO LOSE. AN' YOU'RE GONNA LOSE!

KEEP YOUR DOUGH. I WON'T LET MY HOME FOLKS DOWN. I'M GOING TO WIN!



IF WE CAN'T WIN OUR BETS, WE'LL BUMP HIM TO KEEP FROM LOSING OUR MONEY. GIVE HIM THE WORKS, MONK.

COME ON, KID. WE'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO YOUR HOTEL.



THE TRUSTING YOUNG MAN GETS INTO THE CAR AND FINDS HIMSELF COVERED BY GUNS...

HEY - WHAT'S THIS? YOU--!!

SHADDUP, YA PUNK! WE'LL FIX YA, BUT GOOD!



AT A LONELY SPOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

GET OUT!

YOU'RE GOING TO--
NO! NO!



THE GANGSTERS SHOVE HIM FROM THE CAR, AND...

AR-RGGH!



THAT DOES IT. THE PUNK IS DEAD.

YEAH. LET'S GET BACK. PACKY'LL BE WAITIN'.



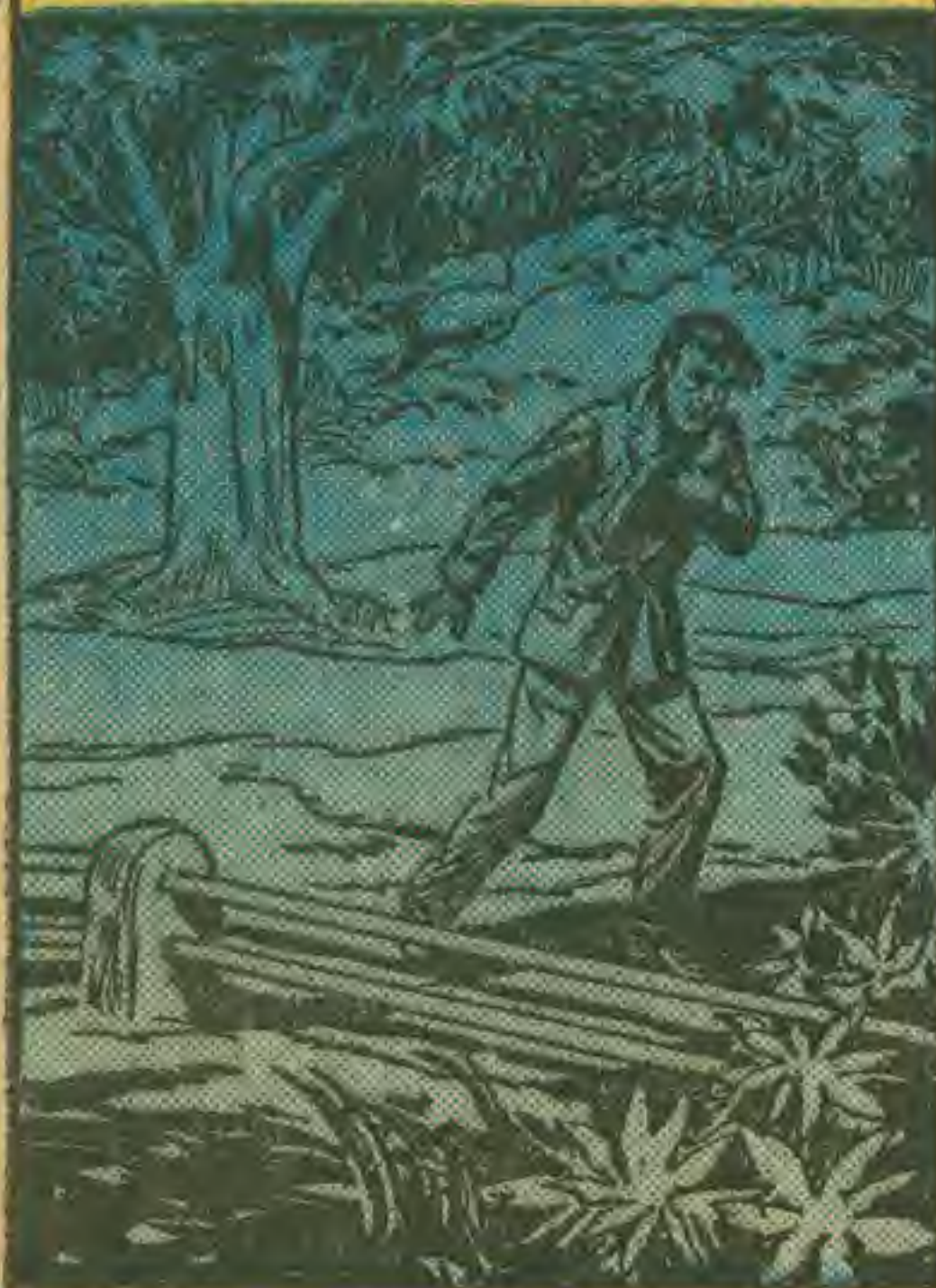
LEAVING THE KID IN A DITCH, THE CAR ROARS OFF...



AFTER A WHILE, THE KID SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY GETS UP...



WITH LEADEN FEET, HE DRAGS HIMSELF BACK TO TOWN...



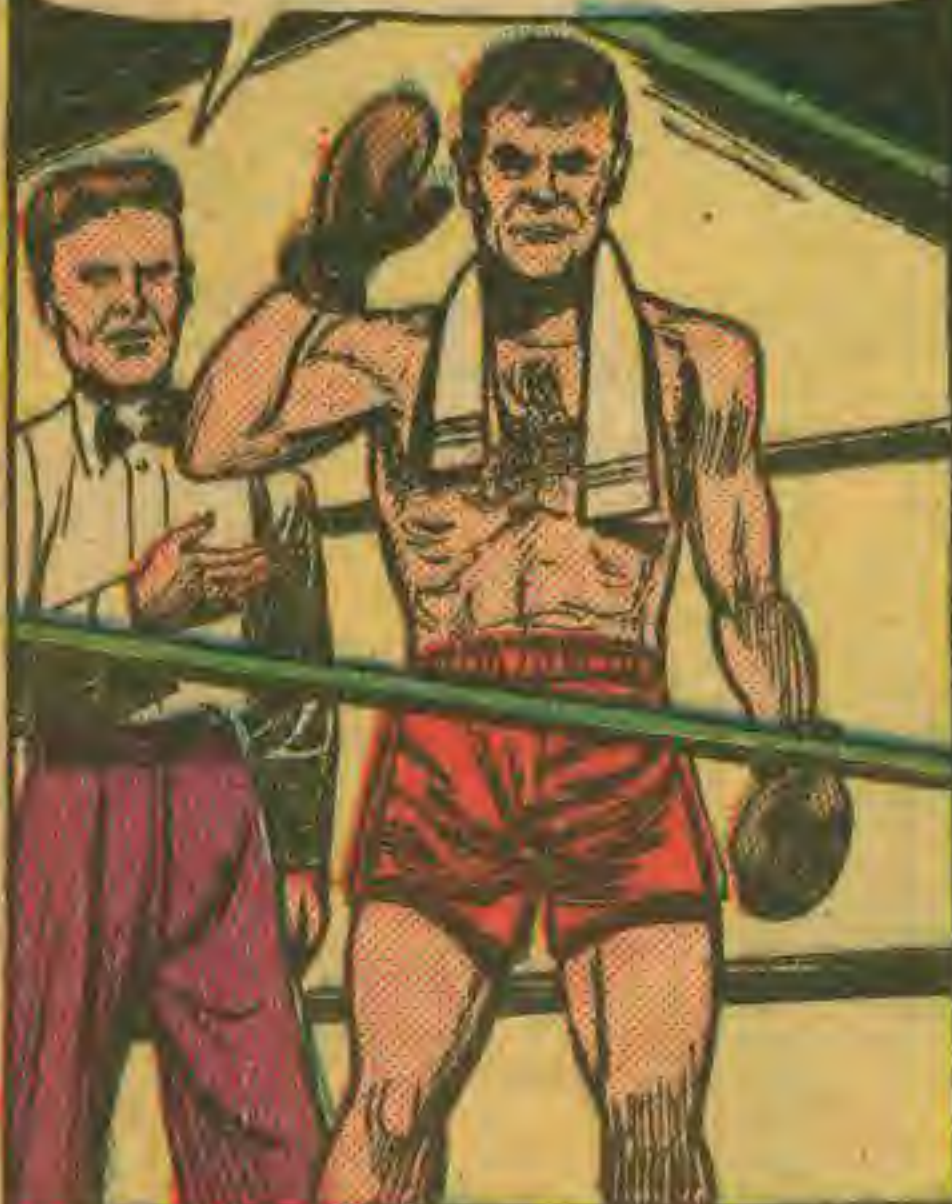
THAT NIGHT, THE ARENA IS PACKED WITH FIGHT FANS, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE YOUNG BOXER. THE CROOKED GAMBLERS ARE AT THE RINGSIDE...

THE REFEREE WILL CALL OFF THE BOUT WHEN THE KID DOESN'T SHOW UP.



THE KID'S OPPONENT CLIMBS INTO THE RING AND IS INTRODUCED TO THE CROWD...

THE DEFENDER AND PRESENT CHAMP - **SOLLY KAYE!**



THEN THE FACES OF THE CROOKED GAMBLERS FILL WITH ASTONISHMENT, CHAGRIN AND FURY...

HEY! LOOK!



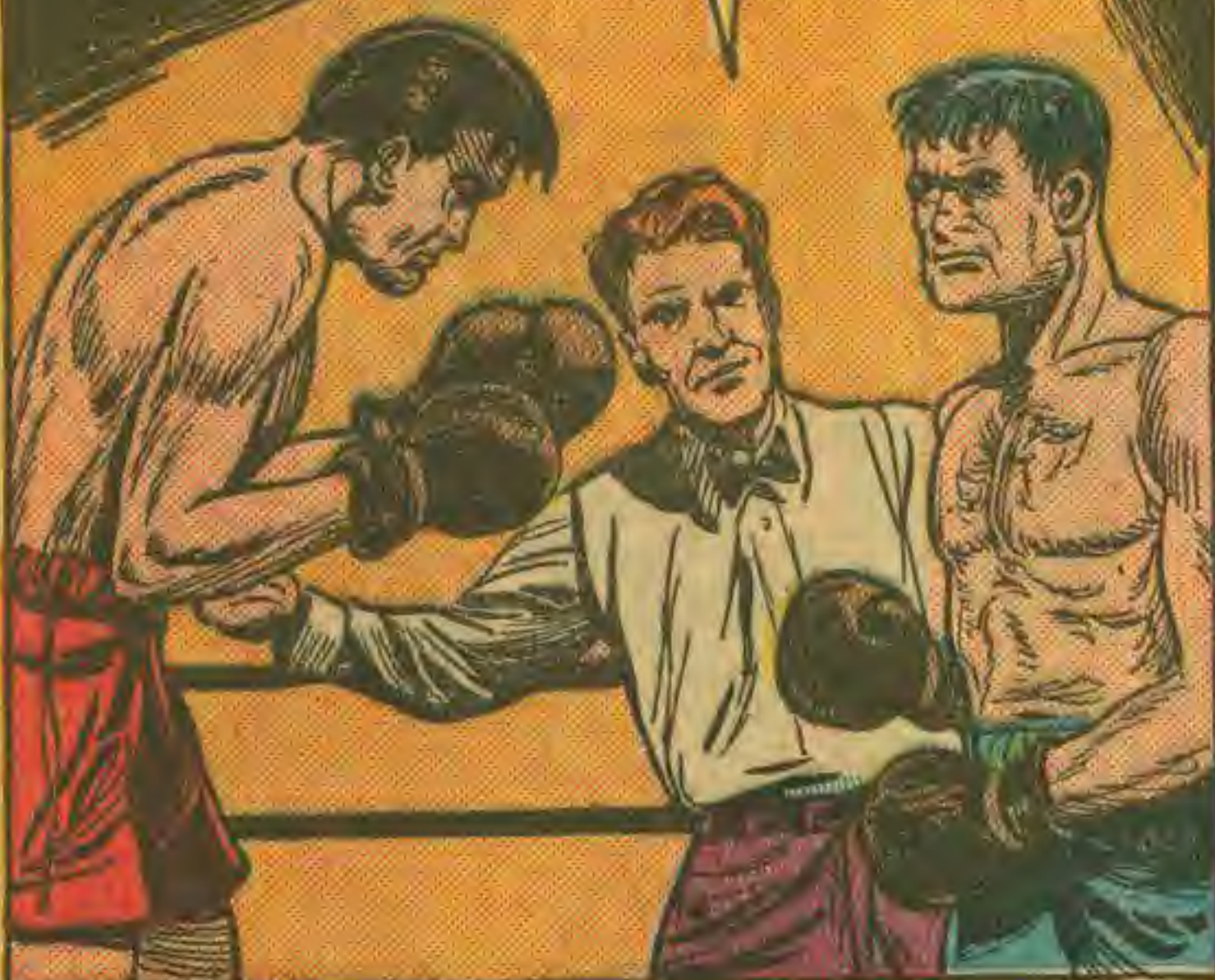
FOR, A MOMENT LATER, THE KID MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...

THE KID!
HE'S HERE!



AFTER LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE REFEREE, THE FIGHTERS SQUARE OFF...

COME OUT FIGHTING, BOYS,
AND KEEP IT CLEAN --



THE KID TEARS INTO HIS ADVERSARY AND THEY BATTER EACH OTHER WITH A FLURRY OF BLOWS...



NEAR THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND, THE KID CONNECTS WITH HIS OPPONENT'S JAW FOR A KNOCKOUT...



THE GANGSTERS MOVE TO AVENGE THEIR LOSS...

OUR DOUGH'S
GONE DOWN
THE DRAIN!

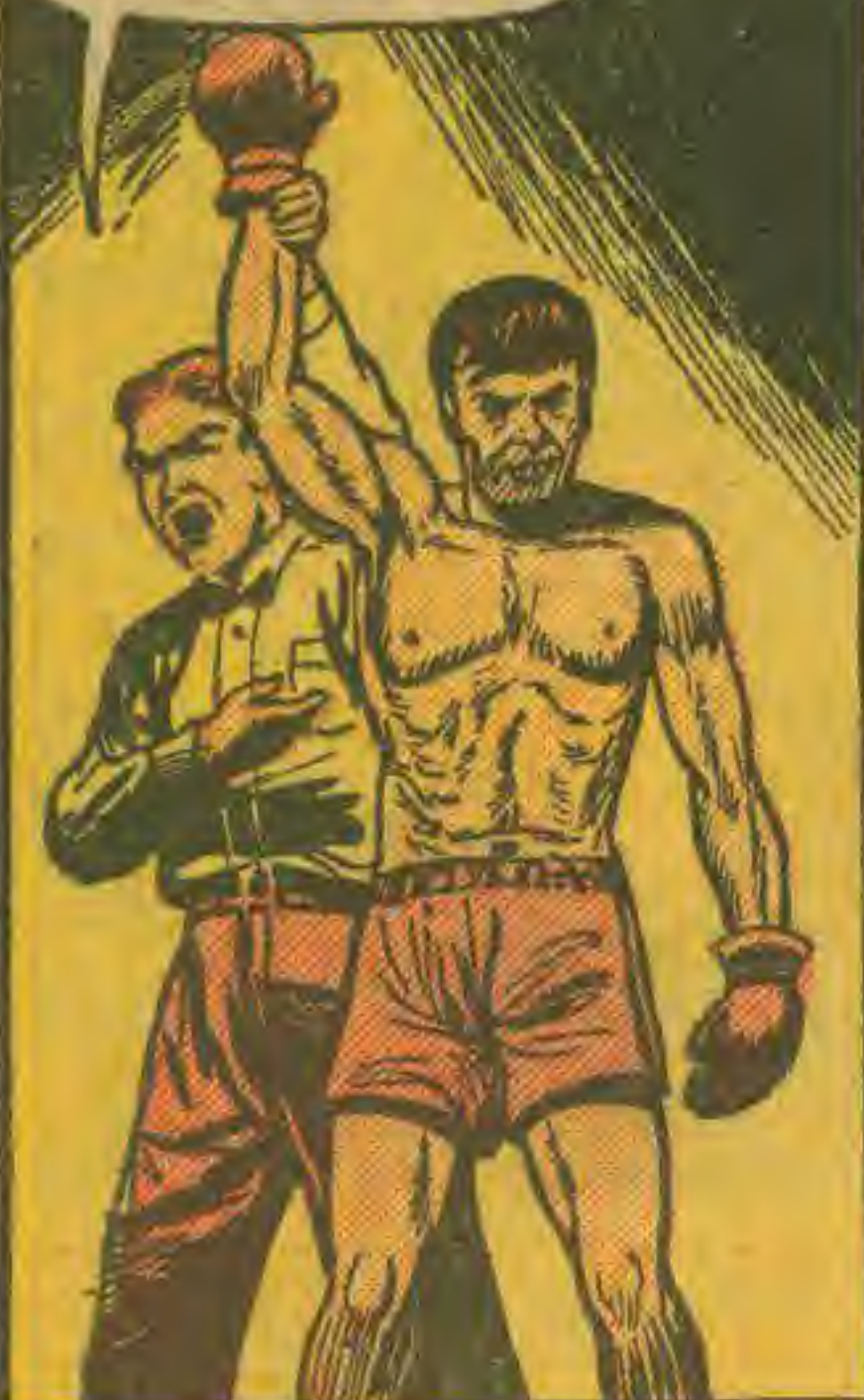
THAT
PUNK!

COME ON - WE'LL
FINISH THE JOB
THIS TIME -!



**THE REFEREE HOLDS UP
THE VICTOR'S HAND...**

**THE WINNAH—
KID BALDO!**



**BUT AN INSTANT LATER, THE KID
PITCHES FORWARD TO THE CANVAS...**



THE DOCTOR IS HASTILY CALLED...

**HEY, C'MERE, DOC.
C'MERE QUICK!**



**THIS MAN HAS
BEEN SHOT!**



**THE FACE OF THE DOCTOR
ASSUMES A LOOK OF AMAZE-
MENT AND UNBELIEF...**

HE'S ICE COLD!



**HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR
AT LEAST
FOUR HOURS!**



THE END

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CON-
GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39,
United States Code, Section 233)**
Of BEWARE, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, man-
aging editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Trojan
Magazines, Inc., 125 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y.;
Editor, Adolphe Barreaux, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York,
N. Y.; Managing editor, none; Business manager, none.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and
address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the
names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per-
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ated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each
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125 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y.; Michael Estrow, 480
Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Stanley M. Estrow,
527 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount
of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are
none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stock-
holder or security holder appears upon the books of the com-
pany as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name
of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting;
also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's
full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condi-
tions under which stockholders and security holders who do
not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold
stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona
fide owner.

TROJAN MAGAZINES, INC.
STANLEY M. ESTROW, Vice President
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sep-
tember, 1953.
ABRAHAM L. KANTER, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1955).

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EASY WAY!



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Ends Shame, Discomfort,
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Almost Miraculously!

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DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out overnight. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



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DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

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SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

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